

RESTORATION

Vol. II.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—APRIL, 1949

No. 5.

Give Us Real Work To Do Writer Begg Seminarians

By Catherine de Hueck

Dear Seminarian,

We spoke last month about Communism, discussing what makes an American, or a Canadian, join the Party. I tried to tell you how deeply I felt the responsibility—ours, mine, for their doing so. For had we been INTEGRATED Catholics, this might not have happened to our brothers in Christ. They might have caught a glimpse of the beauty of Christ, in my life, my soul.

Now you want to know, and rightly so, what is your part in making us (the laity), INTEGRATED CATHOLICS . . . CHRISTO-CENTRIC CATHOLICS . . . CATHOLICS WHOSE WHOLE LIFE REFLECTS THE FAITH . . . DAY IN AND DAY OUT.

That is indeed a big order. Yet I understand your seeking information on it. For tomorrow, when you are ordained, you will have to do just that—MAKE US REAL CHRISTIANS . . . FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST IN FAITH AND TRUTH AND IN OUR DAILY LIVES.

It may be that you will have to do this through the Parish, which of course, is our most direct gateway of grace. Or it may be that you will have to do it through the class rooms of schools and colleges. Be it as it may, it will be part of your glorious ministry.

Fruits of Twenty Years

I am deeply honored that you should ask me. I do want to help. Therefore, here are a few points that I give you, which come to me out of the wealth of experience of living for twenty years with the masses you are so interested in.

First, teach us the Commandments of God. Show us **THEY ARE INDEED THE COMMANDMENTS OF LOVE**, that each word of them speaks to us of **THAT LOVE WHICH IS GOD**, and that, in the final analysis, they are but sign-posts on the road of love, happiness and peace—which is also the road to life everlasting.

Explain to us clearly, in simple words, that though there are ten of them . . . they really add up to only two. Two simple direct statements, commands, that mean love again. **LOVE OF GOD AND LOVE OF NEIGHBOR**. Tarry on these two a while, Friend, until we know more about God, Who loved us **UNTO DEATH**.

Go on from there and show us too that we must prove our love of Him by loving our neighbor. Then when these simple, but stupendous Truths have be-

come part of us, move on to the next point and show us **THE SOCIAL IMPLICATIONS OF THE COMMANDMENTS AND THE GOSPEL**. Teach us to see rightly who our neighbor is, and what our duties toward him are—in politics, economics, the social scene, the labor fields and management. Then open wide to us **THE WHOLE OF THE SUBLIME DOCTRINE OF THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST, AND TIE IT UP WITH THE LITURGY OF THE CHURCH**, especially MASS, bringing this infinite and always renewed Sacrifice right into our daily lives, making it the center of them.

On The Credit Side

(By W. C. Dwyer)

I am a rural pastor. Mine know me . . . I have been located in one place for a long time. Any one can reel off my faults on their ten fingers and use the pickets in the front fence to complete the litany . . . But I know mine . . . So does every other country pastor know his flock intimately.

Some years ago a pastor who had been transferred to another parish, at a farewell banquet in his honor, had this to say: "Among other temporal things which I was instrumental in bringing to you, my parishioners, there is one, which to my way of thinking, stands out, wider

Life In Jamaica Can Be Interesting and Exciting

By Lee O'Brien

Two years ago, at the invitation of St. George's College, which is operated by Jesuit missionaries of the New England Province, I had an opportunity to spend a month on the island of Jamaica in the British West Indies.

These Jesuits of the torrid zone have their difficulties. There is the terrific heat, particularly in the lowlands and on the sea coast; a heat that seems gradually to bake all initiative and energy from those native to the temperate zone; a heat that renders any activity, even that of prayer, so difficult that one carries on only through faith and obedience.

In their veins flow the blood of the native Arrawak Indian, of successive waves of Spanish and English colonists, of many thousands of African slaves, of East Indian plantation workers, and of Chinese coolies. Pirates, buccaneers, indentured servants from England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales made their contributions along with the sweepings of European prisons. Later there was an influx of Jews, Japanese, and Syrians. With this background, the Jamaican of today is the equal, and sometimes superior, of other men; at working, playing, thinking, fighting, or praying.

In their work the Jesuits of the Jamaican mission are accomplishing the restoration in many areas of Jamaican life. Two of their efforts, the development of credit unions and cooperatives, and their educational program for small acreage farmers, are most interesting and promising.

About Father Sullivan

Under the leadership of Father John Peter Sullivan, S.J., Co-Op and Credit Union missionary of the Caribbean, the young sodalists of Jamaica have preached the gospel of Christian Social principles throughout the Island. They have been successful in organizing credit unions which serve fishermen, policemen, teachers, civil servants, department store employees, factory employees and farmers. They have also established credit unions to serve whole urban and rural communities, the parishioners of Catholic churches and the congregations of Anglican churches. In addition to the credit unions, thrift and savings clubs have been set up for the students of many schools. These club operate just like credit unions except that they do not make loans. These junior credit unions have an incalculable educational value for their participating students. In a most practical manner they teach the lesson of cooperation in the important formative years.

Father Sullivan is president of the Jamaica Credit Union League, Vice-President of the Cooperative Planning Council, and an officer, or member, of a dozen other boards and committees. He supervises a tremendous correspondence from all over the world, and is editor and exclusive contributor to the Jamaican Co-operator. He is continually on the go along the rocky trails of the island, hastening to attend a co-op or credit union meeting or



Teach Us To Love

Teach us to love . . . and you will not have to stress any commandment specifically. Love will make us keep them all!

Please don't be afraid of our "ignorance," nor of our youth or age. The grace of God will come to us in torrents through your inspired words. Your life must make them live for us, your life, your zeal, and your own love of God and us. Like the "LITTLE ONES" to whom He Himself preached, we shall understand. And understanding, we shall arise and follow Him wherever He leads us through you. Then Communism and all its tinsels, will have no attraction for anyone.

Give us the **FULLNESS OF THE GOSPEL**. Water down nothing of its austere yet joyous message. Be not afraid to ask much of us. Nay, ask all of us. We are much more apt to answer your challenge if it is great, fiery, and full of love of God and us, than if you just ask a little of us, and so somehow leave us discontented, and humiliated because we have not been found worthy of more.

(Continued on Page Three)

in its effects, greater in its implications, more fundamental in its purpose and will last longer than all the rest—a credit union."

Bricks And Ideals

Church buildings, institutions, monuments and all the rest are necessary, I suppose. But for a few years back, I have been wondering some, at the undue importance we attach to the building of "poems in brick and stone" and the overdone prominence we give to the master minds that planned these massive structures, and, as the case may be, these colossal monstrosities that dot the face of the earth.

Many of them have proven to be mere "white elephants" and prime targets for military gunners, minions of power-drunk dictators and would-be world conquerors. Monuments and structures, I know, are supposed to represent the ideals and the spirit of people, but it does not make sense when the ideals and the spirit are given scant attention.

How To Live?

Would it not be more profitable, both spiritually and materially, if we, the husbandmen and pastors of the

(Continued on Page Four)

And then there is the lack of funds; in spite of the generosity of those back home there are never enough dollars, (pardon, it should be pounds), to do all that should and could be done for Christ. The mass of Jamaicans know poverty; the harsh, involuntary poverty with its grim friends, hunger, dirt, disease, and death. This, too, is a great handicap to the missionaries. They have found that the undernourished, the unemployed, and the sick find it difficult to believe in the goodness of God because they have known only greed and selfishness from men.

Catholic Action Here Too

The Jesuits are not dismayed, however, but are striving mightily to "Restore All Things"; they have found willing collaborators in the young Jamaicans. These intelligent and well educated Sodalists are as enthusiastic and dynamic as any Catholic Actionists the world over. Their ability, deep spirituality, and their accomplishments, prove that no particular group, race or class of men have a corner on God's spiritual, intellectual or physical gifts. Here is a people to confound the racist.

(Continued on Page Three)

RESTORATION

MADONNA HOUSE
Combermere, Ontario
Canada

VOL. II.

No. 5.

EDDIE DOHERTY Editor
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY Managing Editor
GRACE FLEWWELLING Circulation Manager

Subscription price \$1.00; Single copies 10c.

RESTORATION is published monthly for clarification of Catholic social thought with the approbation of the Most Reverend Bishop W. J. Smith of Pembroke, Ontario, and is owned by Friendship House, Canadian Province, Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

How lost we of the twentieth century have become! How little peace and tranquility there is in our lives. How feverishly and how vainly we seek everywhere for them and their fruit—happiness!

Yet it is so simply found. And the pass-word for it is—OBEDIENCE. But in the modern vocabulary, that word has become obsolete. Few can even spell it correctly, let alone explain its full and true meaning. Modern trends, paganism, modernism, secularism, atheism, all seem to combine into a conspiracy to destroy the very concept of this virtue, which alone can bring order into the lives of individuals and nations.

For obedience spells self-discipline, and sacrifice of one's own will for personal and common good. It spells also, ultimately, FREEDOM, for only the obedient man IS FREE, as all children of God should be free, in Him.

The habit of obedience is learned at an early age. God the FATHER, Creator of all things, points this out in His fourth commandment, which is the first dealing with the love man should have for his brothers, and fellow men. For the other three, that precede it, deal, rightly so, with the love men should have for God.

But those first three must be PROVEN, by us to God our obedience to the other seven. And first amongst them is the FOURTH COMMANDMENT OF GOD which reads HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

What price life? Home? Love? Education and all that goes with these familiar and beloved words? If one could compute these, then one could state definitely and clearly the extent of love and obedience due to parents by their children.

But these are not computable. And so the gift of our lives for our parents would perhaps repay, in part, our infinite debt to them. And that is exactly what we must do. And that is what we will do, if we regulate our lives by this, God's FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

In fact our homes should be for us the SCHOOL OF LOVE, in which we learn at our parents' knees, the foundations of love, which are implicit obedience in all things but sin, complete respect, and filial fear that has its root in true love, that FEARS to hurt the object of its love.

If only modern youth had and accepted this training, how changed our world would be, for they would bring those habits into their daily lives, and learn to obey all lawful authority, understanding that it too came from God. Order would enter the lives of nations, composed of people trained to obedience to higher authority.

And with this order would come peace and happiness that eludes us now, the search for which according to our disordered days, leads us far astray from the source of all happiness, God.
aelray astan YTH

TRIOLOGY

By Warren J. Largay

Marys sought to minister, Earth was the meal
Sepulchre was bare; Christ the leaven;
Grave clothes discarded, Third day rising,
Christ no longer there. Our passport to Heaven.

Love buried on Friday,
Though seemingly dead,
Rises on Easter
To Christ truly wed.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

The buds on the maple trees are running up and down the branches in wild excitement. The fuzzy faces of the pussy-willows, lined in vertical rows at the edge of the marsh, are awake, sniffing eagerly at each fresh wind. The snow drifts have become mere white and gray rags, and they lie in the fields, forlorn.

So anybody would know, even if he had no calendar, that it was early April, that Spring had come, and that Easter could not tarry long behind.

Passion Sunday, Palm Sunday, and then the glorious dawn of the day of Resurrection. Christ is risen. Verily the Lord has risen. Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

And, as always at this time, a Christian's mind is busy with thoughts of the great day when the Savior brought Himself back to life, tore off His winding sheet, and strode in triumph from the tomb. And he is busy with questions he cannot answer.

It will be a sort of reverse Easter with us, we think. The soul, though it cannot die, since it is immortal, is really entombed in our bodies. It is the tomb that dies, the tomb that will be resurrected on the Last Day. The tomb dies and the soul is freed—for eternal joy or eternal woe.

But it is not the Easter of the soul we think about on this April day. It is the Easter of the body, especially Christ's Body, The Body we may receive every morning of the year, save one.

We wonder too about Christ's words to Mary, bidding her not to touch Him, since He had not yet gone to join the Father.

I am but one of a great many who do not understand these words, who never expect to understand them fully. Yet I can see in them a trace—Oh, the slightest of traces—of the love and pity Christ, the Son of God, has for the repentant sinner.

It seems to me that He denied Himself that supreme

THE FAMILY FRONT



"They Have Taken Him Away"

Why was it Mary Magdalen did not recognize her Lord at once, that she mistook him for the gardener? Surely, even a woman blinded with her tears would know at once the form and the face of One she had so tremendously loved?

But she knew Him only when He spoke her name.

And those disciples going to Emmaus! Christ was in their presence for hours. He walked with them. He talked to them. They must have seen His face. They must have looked long into His eyes, pondering His words, to see what sort of Man this was Who spoke so eloquently about things dear and familiar to them.

Yet the gospel tells us they did not recognize Him until He had broken bread.

Was Christ then changed in shape and features?

We think of the grub that spins its own winding sheet, lies in its silken cocoon tomb a little while, and comes forth a radiant butterfly.

Was it like that with Christ? Was He more beautiful, more majestic, on that Easter morning than He was, say, on the night He sweat blood in the Garden of Olives?

We Wonder About Ourselves

And will it be like that with us—yes, I mean with you and me—when, after the Day of Judgment, our souls are given back the bodies they once inhabited? (To think that some of us will suffer eternally in those bodies!)

joy, incomprehensible to the human mind, of being reunited, in His Body, with the Father and the Holy Ghost—He delayed His union in and with the Holy Trinity, out of compassion for sinners.

He must reassure Mary Magdalen before ascending to the throne of God! He must wipe away her bitter tears with the tender pronouncing of her name! So I think.

He must see Simon Peter again, the apostle who thrice denied Him. And He must give Simon Peter the opportunity to say thrice, in reparation for his denial, those words of burning love.

"Thou knowest that I love Thee!"

And He must wait until He has told Peter, "Feed my sheep; feed my lambs."

Can I be right in this stupendous thought? Are we so dear to Him as all that?

Great saints can hardly wait to die. They yearn constantly for the moment when their souls shall soar to heaven, to be with God forever. But Christ, though dead, and risen on Easter morning, stayed here on earth a little time—to comfort sinners!

A happy Easter to you.



The B's Corner

I was thinking of books the other day. Which is not at all strange, for all day I look at them. We have a Catholic Lending Library in our big living room which is also our dining room and our office. So it is not to be wondered at that ever so often I think of books.

To me books are messengers of God. Catholic books, that is. Whereas the spoken word fleetingly may impress this or that soul, and most certainly must be used to bring God's Truth to the hearts of men... the written word is always there, between two sturdy covers, ready to clarify, to instruct, console and lead.

That is why, whenever a new Friendship House branch opens anywhere, THE FIRST THING TO BE MADE IN IT are bookshelves. The first "work" is the getting together of a Catholic Library, which, as soon as possible, will start to circulate, to bring the word of God, nay God Himself, to many.

Too Good For The Poor?

Then again, I have a strange conception (strange to our modern times, that is) that nothing is too good for God's friends, the working masses of humanity, the poor, the forgotten ones. So it always has been my custom to BUY the best Catholic books each season brings on the market. It has not been easy. True, all the Catholic Publishers have generously cooperated with us, and extended almost unlimited credit and waited patiently for their money. For openly, unashamedly I beg for every book. For the so-called "donated" books are usually discards, uninteresting, and so shabby no one wants to read them. Why should they be foisted on those who need the very best? I do not know... but they are.

It is as if the people to whom the Communists send their best brains, their best literature and their most experienced lecturers are supposed to be ignorant of God and the things of God—as if it didn't matter what we Catholics sent them.

That should not be so. Catholic Lending Libraries should be located as a wide network all over our cities and rural areas. They should be most accessible to the farmers, the workers, and the poor.

They should be located where all these live. If the area is sparsely populated, there should be added a mail order service. The premises should not be ornate, pretentious, a la book shoppe... they should be austere, simple, and spotlessly clean.

Books And Art

Their walls should be used for that other media of the Catholic Apostolate, its art; and open to young artists who are willing to translate the verities of our faith into art that is understandable to the masses. Books and art go together.

A library is more than a group of books given out to those who wish to read them. It is a distinct apostolate of its own. The librarian need not be trained necessarily in the complex erudite courses that stand usually behind that title. But they must be people who love and understand both books—Catholic books especially—and people.

(Continued on Page Three)

COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

Spring is indeed here. Pussy willows. Robins. And strange translucent skies at eventide. Easter is just around the corner. It is the great feast of the East. We plan to celebrate it, if at all possible, in the real Slavonic manner.

There will be on our Easter board, Paska . . . a delicious dish made out of cottage cheese. To a pound of it, take two cups of sugar, one cup of raisins, nuts to taste, and ¼ of a lb of butter, plus two eggs whole. Mix the lot well until it is creamy and smooth. Put it in a well-washed medium flower pot. In Russia we have special forms for it, but a flower pot will do, for it has a hole at the bottom. Of course you wrap it up in cheesecloth before you place the mass into the flower pot. Then put weights on the top of it, so as to solidify and press down the whole until it is reduced to half its size. Take it out on Easter Sunday, place it on your prettiest dish, and decorate it with yellow-colored icing with the various symbols that stand for Christ's name in Catholic

art. This is THE PASKA, a symbol itself of the purity and the eternal Spring of Christ's love for us. Then we shall make Koolitch. The pascal bread. The symbol of the Eucharist. Round and firm and light. Then will come the colored eggs. Symbol of eternal life. All these we will take to Church and have blessed by our good pastor, according to the ways of the Church of old. Yes. Spring is here. Happy holy Easter to all you friends and readers.

May, Our Lady's Month will bring us another joy. Our saintly Bishop William Smith of Pembroke, will come to bless our new St. Joseph's House. Will you be kind to our little begging letter that goes out this month, and answer its many appeals, especially for CASH . . . with which to make the house presentable for that great day?

Fifty chickens will be arriving soon. And the garden is calling. Two little pigs, Milky and Silky third, are due anytime now. The busy season is upon us. Alleluia.

Life in Jamaica Can be exciting

(Continued from Page One)

study club. Until recently these journeys were via bicycle or on foot; but (thanks be to God?) kind friends have now provided an automobile for his use.

Why That Question Mark?

On one occasion yours truly and a lay leader of the Jamaican Sodalists accompanied Father Sullivan on a three day tour of co-ops in the more remote parts of the island. Unable to secure other means of transportation, we started off, after three Hail Marys in honor of Our Lady of the Highway, in the mission truck. It was cumbersome and designed for broader paths than the goat tracks called roads in the Jamaican bush country. All went well until the last lap home on the third day then . . . disaster!

We had just descended the homeward slope of El Diablo, one of the highest mountains on the island. On our left dropped the gorge of the Spanish River. On our right was a rugged wall of rock reaching towards the upper peaks of El Diablo. Often as we rounded the hairpin turns, a stop or swerve would be necessary to avoid a slow moving bullock team, or a pair of jaunty donkeys meandering from side to side behind their carts piled high with sugar cane.

At this point Father Sullivan decided it was time for his first lesson in truck driving. I can't speak for the Sodalist but I said three more Hail Marys!, and added an Act of Contrition just for safety's sake.

This Is The Why Of It

Then began the most thrilling ride of my life. Down the steep slopes and around the hairpin turns at what seemed to me about sixty-five miles an hour. Father Sullivan seemed to need practice most on steering. Sometimes the left wheels were almost over the lip of the gorge. Again we would almost brush the jagged walls of rock on the

right.

I said a few more prayers—Father Sullivan was too busy to pray. It was a perfect example of the misuse of talents; I was sure that Father could pray better than I, and I knew darn well that I could drive better than he. I remember thinking wildly that it might be well for seminaries to supplement the theology course with at least a short course on motorology.

Well, the inevitable happened. As we two-wheeled around one of the sudden turns, we saw a pair of donkeys sauntering along about twenty feet ahead right in the middle of the road. There was no question of stopping. The donkeys were too near and the truck moving too swiftly.

Father Sullivan thought fast, there was just a few inches more space on the right of the donkeys, so he started through. Just when it seemed that we might clear without bumping the animals over the cliff and into the river, we crashed into an overhanging rock of the cliff. The windshield shattered instantly, showering us with sharp particles of glass. The metal roof of the truck was shorn off by the overhanging rock, which, loosened by the impact, fell into the roadway. Why it fell behind and not through the truck is known only by Our Lady of the Highway. Thanks to her, no one was injured; the missionary and the two laymen after brushing glass from their hair and face, coaxed the wheezing truck back to Kingston. The two donkeys lived to endanger other motorists on other days. Yours truly never rode again with Father Sullivan behind the wheel.

GIVE US REAL WORK

(Continued from Page One)

They Ask Everything

The Communists do not hesitate to ask ALL of a man. There was once a Bishop in a diocese where Friendship House was located, who wanted to get the fullest possible information about Communist techniques. So he chose a saintly, and intelligent youth from one of his Catholic Colleges, and asked us to INFILTRATE him into Communists ranks. We did that for him. Do not ask us how. The youth eventually reached the primary indoctrination stage of theirs. He was at that time purposely employed as a grocery clerk, at twelve dollars a week.

At the first meeting of this class, he and the other

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

They must be folks with a vivid imagination, and a realization that books must and can be used in thousands of ways; folks who can build a whole program of indoctrination around books. The natural results of a library should be open forums, seminars, round table discussions, study clubs. Each of these books forms the background. Librarians with vision would make them do many tasks in cooperation with this second apostolate of the spoken word.

Put Books to Work

Displays should be arranged to answer some specific question of the day, to answer some controversy raging in the daily press, to uphold or condemn a popular movie,

his farm, which is located on a state route, see Gil in the fields and think he is the hired man. And some of them think harsh things about the owner of the farm, mentally criticizing him for not being more generous with his help. Many, many times Gil is spoken of as "that poor, poor man."

When Gil motors to the city some fifteen miles from his farm clerks are patronizing to him. They take one look at his clothes and figure he hasn't any money to spend. If they could take one peek into Gil's billfold they would all salaam before him!

A Seasick Scarecrow

They tell a story about Gil, and I calculate it's true. It seems Gil had taken his wife to the city to shop for women's things. Now you couldn't drag Gil into one of those women's stores, so he agreed to wait for her on a certain street corner. You know how prolonged a woman's shopping can be. Gil grew tired, very tired. The hard pavement hurt his feet. The people walking up and down, down and up, made him seasick.

So Gil kind of squatted down on his haunches right there on the busy street corner. He leaned his head back against the store front and closed his eyes to rest them. The hot sun made his head sweat, so he took off his tattered old felt and then closed his eyes again. Well sir, when Gil's wife finally finished with her shopping and came to look for "that poor, poor man" of hers, she found him considerably richer than he had been.

Mrs. Gil was mortified. She said more than once she could have sunk through the pavement. But Gil took it philosophically. He counted the coins carefully and then matched them with coins from his own pocket and hunted up a bona fide blind beggar. He dumped the change into the delighted man's cup. Then, still feeling a bit inadequate, he took several bills from his billfold and gave them to the man, too.

Billfold Not Tattered

Ah, but when Gil goes shopping at the little Crossroads town just a few miles from his farm it is a different story. This is his realm. Everyone knows him. Nobody is fooled by the tattered old clothes. Everybody is wise to the well-padded billfold. They know him for a rich man. And they know him for a kind man, too. Never does he make a trip in to the barber shop, the general store, or the elevator, but what somebody puts the old touch on him. King of the Crossroads—that's Gil.

I can't help thinking that we judge many men poor without true understanding of what riches consist. Many a man in tattered clothes from necessity is still rich in spiritual peace. He but piles his treasures in heaven where they are safe from all destruction. Gil, for instance, would be rich if he had not a penny to his name, rich in the heavenly records of his kindly deeds toward his neighbors.

And there are those men we call rich and pass by, thinking they do not need our help. But perhaps their souls are begging for a spiritual handout. In order to be sure we pass no one in need without offering help—let us help everybody, in one way or another. That way we can build up our own bank account in heaven!



neophytes, were bluntly told that the Party needed money, and that they would have to hand over HALF OF THEIR SALARY for that purpose. They were further told, that this indeed would mean that they would have to live in even greater poverty, than they were doing then, on their small salaries, that it would quite conceivably mean that they would have to move into hovels, and wear threadbare clothes and be hungry most of the time.

But So What?

But, so what? the teacher went on. That was what the masses they were to convert had to endure. The least his pupils could do was to SHOW IN THEIR LIVES that they meant business. The least that they could do, was to do this. Someday they would have to give more . . . their liberty, their lives maybe. This was good training ground for that future. The Party, and what it stood for, was worth all of this and much more. That was their FIRST LESSON.

What will you ask of us, my friend? Not to sin? To go to Mass on Sunday? Not to eat meat on Friday? Is that all? Are we to go to God just on this?

If only you show us the way, we can bring Him sanctity, a positive, glorious, singing life, which, while we live it, will by its very nature become a lamp to our brothers' feet. What is it going to be?

Surely Christ and Him Crucified is worth more than the minimum?
Or is He?

to answer questions on Faith, morals, or the social implications of the Gospels, to follow liturgical feasts and seasons, to bring the Mass to the masses. All this should, and must, be the task of a Catholic librarian who loves God so much that she or he sees books as His messengers.

Libraries could be started in private homes, open to neighbors. One's car could become an ambulatory library in the country. Oh, the ways of love are devious and infinite! Why then do we Catholics neglect our books so much? Why is our vision so narrow, our imaginations so sterile?

Are we going to let the Communists get ahead of us in this field too, as they have been doing in so many others? I hope not. For if we do . . . we may be held responsible, someday, for each book we did not circulate.

Each Catholic book is a messenger of God!

HOMESPUN

By Alberta Schumacher

The scarecrow on the Stevens farm isn't nailed together out of wood. No sir, it's real flesh and blood, dressed in tattered old clothes that dangle ribbons of material to flap in the breeze. Gil Stevens is tall and loosely-put together. His face is weather-beaten and wrinkled. And yet I doubt he would ever scare birds away. They would be more apt to build nests in his pockets—that is, if he would stand still long enough. For Gil is a kindly man.

City travelers passing by

More About Tony

By Anthony Constable

(In previous articles Tony has described how he discovered a great friend in Blessed Martin de Porres. In the last installment he told of the death of his wife, Clara. Her last words were, "when I leave, you will be drafted into the army.")

I made haste to straighten my affairs. I selected a tombstone with the design of a lamp and a passion flower on it, the first representing the Word of God, the other the Passion of our Savior. But, on December 2, before the stone was placed, I was in Fort Niagara, marching to the cadence of hup-two-three-four.

Then came the imaginary combats. We hid behind trees and crawled along the frozen ground in weather well below freezing. I might have called it fun in years gone by but I was almost 37. Moreover, I was quite certain I could never bring myself to destroy my brothers in Christ. I was willing to go into combat area, but only as a Chaplain's assistant, or in the medical corps.

Upon being drafted, I had left the matter in Martin's care.

Months before I was taken into the army, I had read in the Catholic Press, of boys complaining about the filth and profanity so prevalent among the soldiers, but never had I dreamed it was so bad.

"You're In The Army Now"

At home, most of the boys had not been accustomed to hearing it; in the factory, one could walk away from it, but here, there was no escaping its stench. I resolved to do something about it, and, after calling on Martin for guidance, I spoke of it, in the barrack, to the boys with bunks nearest mine. The advice caught. I was amazed at the sudden change. It made the air much easier to breathe. I was impressed to see that many boys were willing to cooperate. From one barrack I was transferred to another, and still another, with always the same trying experience, but also with the same success. In appreciation, I told the boys about Blessed Martin and distributed his literature among them.

In the mess hall, an incident occurred that upset me and made me disgusted with army life. I had just entered when I heard some one shout, "Get out, you! Only white men eat here."

I looked about and saw a group of Negro boys making their way towards the feeding line. My anger began to rise. I joined the little group, and said to them, "Don't mind the boys, they're ignorant and know no better."

"Don't feel too bad," replied a lad, who wore about his neck, a medal of the

Mother of God. "We're quite used to such insults."

Martin Was Colored Too

I sat at the table with them and told of my experiences with the great Wonder Worker of their race. I felt it was the least I could do to repair the injustice committed against them by a member of my race.

Mass at the chapel was offered morning and evening. I assisted at the evening Sacrifice: it was more convenient for me, and, by taking advantage of the four-hour fast, it was possible to receive Holy Communion. This went along fine till December 8th, feast of the Immaculate Conception, when Martin said to me, "It will be wise for you to get to morning Mass, today."

It meant going without breakfast. Nevertheless, I heeded his advice. Lucky I did. For by evening Mass time, we were on our way to Miami Beach.

At our new base, the boys were given an opportunity to choose in what capacity they wished to serve. I applied for the medical corps. I was assigned to attend the school of bakers and cooks. I was satisfied though. After all, it is just as important to feed your neighbor as it is to heal him — Martin did both.

I was quartered in the Floridian Hotel. Two blocks away was the Catholic church. Here I went for Holy Mass, and for my daily visits. It was dedicated to Saint Francis de Sales, the same as my home parish church.

A Postcard to F.D.R.

Basic training was rough and tough; up and down anywhere up to ten flights of stairs for early morning roll call, rigid hikes on the hard pavements, long drills in the hot sun and, toughest of all, the rigorous sprints in the deep sand on the beach. But, all this I didn't mind nearly so much as I did the profanity the drill instructors directed at the boys. I again put Martin to work. On a postal card, bearing his picture, I wrote a message to President Roosevelt, asking him to do something about it.

The card may have never got to the president, but it did bring results. A few days later, the instructors received written orders that henceforth no abusive language would be permitted when addressing the boys.

With Christmas drawing near, I longed more than ever for home and dear ones. I missed the pure white snow of the North, which always seemed more appreciable as the great feast approached.

On Christmas Eve we were notified that Midnight Mass, for the benefit of soldiers, would be held in a park, and passes were extended to make it possible for boys to attend. I went to Saint Francis, instead, so that I could be nearer, in spirit, to my folks back home. Going to

Christmas Mass, in the balmy, Florida weather, seemed unreal, and it brought back memories of another Christmas Eve, years ago, when Clara and I had gone to Mass together. The winter had been mild and there was no snow in sight. I remembered well how Clara had remarked on that occasion, "It doesn't seem like Christmas without snow on the ground."

The Angels must have heard her, and Martin too, for we received the surprise of our lives, upon leaving the church, to see the earth covered with a thick blanket of white!

ON THE CREDIT SIDE

(Continued from Page One)

vineyard and fields of the Kingdom, gave more of our genius, our leadership, and spent more of the people's money on the people themselves, their education? How to live the teachings of Christ? Build organizations that would quicken the spirit, secure the body, bring peace and contentment to a multitude of God's creatures.

If the bulk of the people of this world had been living the social teachings of Christ in the Gospels; if they had understood the meaning of their "citizenship" in the Kingdom of God; if they had wisely retained their natural right, e.g. to keep control of the wealth they produced

(All produce wealth in one way or another) the ugly shadow of Communism would not now darken the Earth. Where there is control of wealth by the hands that produce it; where there is a sharing, and a helping, and a thought for the brotherhood of man, under God—as in a Christian credit union—there is peace and prosperity. No room at all for the virus of Communism, which, like any microbe thrives in rotten living, hate, injustice and chaos.

A Plea To Pastors

Fathers, my comrades of the far pasturelands, if we could only lay down our tools for building buildings, for a spell, and walk at the head of our flocks! There is a nervousness among them, a foreboding of disaster. Wolves have been prowling among them. We saw whitened bones. Does it not make us shudder? Does it not electrify us into action?

We can lead them to more abundant and safer grazing areas. We were ordained for the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of the faithful. We must preach the Gospel and we should follow up by showing the people how to live it in a temporal way . . . in a Christian credit union.

(Note: Your comments about our little column will be gladly accepted.)

From A Human Standpoint

By Peggy Wyatt

I think I understand—a little bit—the Torture that You go through out of Time—
or—more explicitly—beyond the measure of this thing called Life and flesh and feelings that we know—
we, who are here upon this earth You made.

I think I understand a little bit—the deep, raw hurt of being pushed aside by one You love—
by one You love so deeply, utterly—
that during Time You let Yourself be killed
after they'd mauled and torn You into shreds
and rammed the Love You feel for them back down
the very Throat Which said that Love—

yet—
gladly You went out to die the death
not for just one—but for each, single soul
hoping that by this ULTIMATE they'd know
You loved them with Your UTTER LOVE
and would continue pleading until Time
and Space and Breath no longer meant a thing
and had dissolved into Infinity—
and STILL You'd keep on loving what was left—
no more—no less—too deep a Love to cease—

so I, who feel the dull and heavy thud
of pounding heart against my own sore soul,
and know instinctively—the heart I shared
or sought to share—grows fainter with each sun
and draws its face away a trifle more
as it is magnetized by other hearts who would by stealth, chicanery and lure,
entice and win away from me my love—
well . . . I . . . who am finite and very small
and yet too vast and bigger than the world
in this my single grief, can but compare

the depths of oceans and the widths of worlds
and all the agonies since Time began
with my abandoned love that loved with all I am—

To rise above this labyrinth and let the aching ache—the pain—
and by it learn a fractioned—smallish bit
of how You felt—Before and Then and Now
about all human creatures that You love—
who curiously admire Your Concern—
look strangely puzzled at Your dear, kind Face,
and are amused to think that You would care—
are flattered in their own peculiar ways—
objectively they look and are not moved—
and slightly—O, so slightly are impressed
and feel quaint pity that You love them so—

they look—and when they've finished lightly shrug
and turn away—
and think of You sometimes—
so too, my dearest dear whom I'd adore
if I but dared—O God Who made us both!

or—if he left me for some other heart
that could not love him half as much as I . . .

it would be better that we dreamed apart
than be together and see dreaming die . . .
and yet—they tell me I have done that same
and cruel, cruel thing to You—that I have tossed Your Love for me away—

and I in ice and iron do deny this accusation—but I am undone
confused and tired out and helpless, too,
I only know I love . . . and I love You.



Rev. Sister Miriam Teresa
Adoration Monastery
4108 Euclid Av.
Cleveland, Ohio (3)

This good Sister, has a problem. She knows of a young man from behind the iron curtain of the Soviets. He is studying for the priesthood. His name cannot be revealed. But if you want to help him, send your donations for him to her directly, marking it for THE SEMINARIAN. Thank you.

TUMBLEWEED—

Eddie Doherty \$2.75
Published by Bruce,
Milwaukee, Wis.

MARTIN—

Biograph of Bl. Martin de Porres
Eddie Doherty
Sheed & Ward \$2.50

GALL AND HONEY—

Eddie Doherty \$2.75

SPLENDORS OF SORROW—

Eddie Doherty \$1.25

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE—

Catherine de Hueck
..... \$2.00

DEAR BISHOP—

Catherine Doherty \$1.75

These books can be obtained in Canada at the CAMPION BOOK SHOP, 1184 Phillips Place, Montreal, Quebec. — In the U.S.A. direct from the Publishers, Bruce Publishing Co., of Milwaukee, or Shed and Ward, New York.

RESTORATION, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA

Please enter the following subscription:

Name

Street

City Zone

Province

1 Year — \$1.00

Return Postage Guaranteed
MADONNA HOUSE,
Combermere, Ontario, Canada

Miss Kathleen Whalen
1225 Liberty St
Santa Barbara
Calif